

Young Canada Club

By Dixie Patton

THE letters telling about the vacation time are beginning to pour in this last week. I was a little doubtful if this would be a good contest but it is going to come up to the usual standard. Send them along. You know you have until the end of May to send them in.

Our Blue Cross has dropped away down again this week. Please don't forget that the Spring offensive of the Germans means much greater need of all forms of relief work. Remember the dumb Allies the next time you have a nickel or a dime.

The contributors this week are:—
Preston Miller, Wild Rose, Sask. \$ 25
James Teasdale, Deer, Alberta. 65
—Dixie Patton.

Helping Produce

We all know how necessary it is to help in this greater production campaign. There are many things, which even boys and girls may do to help. We could save our money, and buy hogs and calves with it, but I think it would take a long time to save enough; so we should ask our parents to help, and I am sure they would not refuse to help us, if we would only take care of the stock ourselves. Then we could help our fathers take care of the stock and hogs. I know some of you will think that I only mean the boys. But I also mean the girls, for I do not think it hurts any girl's dignity to clean the barns or take care of the stock. I am sure a great many of our parents would keep more stock and hogs if only we would willingly help take care of them.

This summer we could have a garden and raise as many potatoes as possible. We should take care of these gardens, and not grow lazy and let the weeds choke the potatoes.

I do not know any plan by which we could raise wheat and other grains, but we can at least help our fathers sow and harvest their grain. By helping this food campaign, we are really helping win the war, and I am sure we all want to do that.—Sarah E. May, Weyburn, Sask.

How I Help

All children can help by saving food. What each child saves makes that much more for the soldiers. Instead of the children spending their money for candies they could buy something for the food supply. I am going to plant a garden, with potatoes, onions, turnips, radishes and cabbages and every kind of vegetable in it. If all children would plant a garden it would save the flour. The people could use vegetables instead of bread. I am enclosing 25 cents for the Blue Cross fund.—Irene Jamieson, Delburne, Alta.

Who Is There?

Tap, tap, tap—
Come in!
Tap, tap, tap—
Come in!
R-r-rat, tat, tat.
What is the matter? Who is there?
Then I got up and went to the door but nobody was there, not the tiniest smallest body that ever was. Rat, tat, tat, tap, tap, tap. Why, what can it be? There must be someone at the window. I went to the window and opened the

blinds. Nobody there. Then I said, "Stuff and nonsense I am dreaming." and sat down to my writing. Tap, tap, tap, tap, came again at the window. This time I stole softly across the room and peeped through the blinds. There on the window-sill sat a beautiful golden-winged woodpecker his bright black eyes cocked up suspiciously towards the blinds and his sharp bill all ready for another rap on the sill. I clapped my hands. There was a swift whirr, a flash of flame, and off went the mischievous beauty to tap, tap, tap, at my neighbor's window.—Sarah Alice McGee, Delorsaine, Man.

A New Writer

I am a new writer and I thought I would tell you some way how we can all help in the greater production campaign. Girls can all sew and knit for the Red Cross or sell things of their own manufacturing for the Blue Cross. Suppose the school girls should make a quilt between them and sell it and send the money to the Blue Cross. I will try to get up a fund for the Blue Cross.

The boys can also help their fathers

seed the ground. Girls and boys can both help stook the grain after it is cut. Boys can put out poison to kill the gophers and make a larger yield. We can herd the cattle that are going to soon be beef and feed the pigs and sheep—pigs for pork and sheep for wool for the soldiers' clothes. We can take care of the horses that have to put in the spring crop. I cannot tell much more.—Alice Topping, Jenner, Alta.

Many Good Ideas

Many boys and girls can help greater production if they really want to, but most of us leave it for others who we think have more time. Boys and girls in villages can grow a garden and cultivate it in spare evenings. If a boy or girl has not a garden of their own they could hoe and keep free from weeds their mother's garden, or have a small part of their mother's garden. I think most mothers would let them have some if they took care of it. In most of these small cities one sees a great deal of lawns. If they would take part of that lawn and grow vegetables it would help a great deal in the way of greater production. Then the gophers destroy an enormous amount of wheat. This could be to a great extent prevented if the boys and girls would get out and poison them and get away with them.

I am going to grow a vegetable garden this summer and some turkeys.—Bernice Devlin, Horizon, Sask.

Loves The Doo Dads

This is my first letter to your club. I am a little boy. I am ten years old. I live two miles from town. I have a dog, his name is Bob because his tail is so short. I saw the Doo Dads. They were very funny. They're always getting a trick on Percy Haw-Haw. Doctor Sawbones has a hard time teaching the Doo Dads for they're always going fishing or something. I hope they come every week for I like to see them. I would like to have a button for I think they're very nice.—Lindsay Garrison, Jenner, Alta.

THE CYCLING SEASON OPENS IN THE WONDERLAND OF DOO

THE roads have dried up nicely in the Wonderland of Doo. The Doo Dads are nearly all out for a spin. They have all kinds of contraptions, haven't they? Percy Haw-Haw, the Duke, is the only one that can afford an automobile. Something has gone wrong with it, but he is letting others do the worrying. He doesn't want to get his fine clothes soiled. He is in for a surprise, for that young lad with the catapult is taking aim at him. Here is Poly on a tandem bicycle. The old lady Doo Dad is having a fine ride. So are some of the Doo Dads who are spinning along in the trailer. Poly is in for trouble too for there is a porcupine in the road right ahead of him. He is sure to have the front tire punctured. He seems to be afraid that he will be pitched out on top of the porcupine. Sleepy Sam, the Hobo, has found an old-fashioned velocipede somewhere. He is wondering why it paddles so hard. If he would look around he would soon find out, for Smiles, the Clown, is having a free ride behind him on roller skates. Flannel Feet, the Cop, is seeing that no one breaks the speed limit. See how he has hooked the little fellow on the bicycle. One of the Doo Dads on the motor-cycle was spinning along at a great rate, and ran right into the cart belonging to the old Doo Dad who was going to market. Isn't it an awful smash-up? It is lucky for him that he is so near the blacksmith shop, so that he can get his cart mended. That old Doo Dad sitting on the plow is so amused at what is happening that he hasn't noticed the hot iron with which the blacksmith is touching his arm. The way things are going both the blacksmith and old Doo Sawbones will likely have a busy day of it.



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